



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



# 83

Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

## **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS**

Flying Junkers. Yeah, you heard it right. Not as cool as it sounds, though. I mean, they do manage to fly, but nailing the landing? Not their strongest point. Sometimes they crash harder than a bad date, or they just can't figure out how not to explode mid-air.

You know Samantha O'Sullivan's obsession with her folks making all sorts of gadgets and tinkering like mad. Well, these Junkers have started giving weird uses to the fuel they got from the Sky Fortress crew (no clue how many bullets those guys must be raking in right now). One of their tricks is strapping backpacks filled with gasoline on some of their crew members and hoping they don't end up splattered somewhere. But they also seem to want to give the Black Blood Children a run for their money and are building some kind of bikes. Well, sort of. They look more like rocket-powered wheels on fuckin' steroids... and handle just about as well. Still, I'm curious to see how Cunnilingus Igni is taking this, and all bets are on some clash between the Tex'co cult and Samantha's crew.



No idea why, but lately, everyone in the Wasteland seems to have started practising up parcú, parkorg or whatever the hell you call it. Acting like a bunch of lunatics, basically. Now even the clumsiest can scale vertical walls effortlessly, bounce from rooftop to rooftop, or leap from high places and land with a somersault. I don't know if people are mutating into damn monkeys or it's some survival-of-the-fittest crap, but there you have it. Shit, dude.



A quite massive landslide buried the settlement of Trills at the foot of Collapse Peak. The survivors claim they'll rebuild it like they always do. I don't want to sound like a know-it-all, but maybe the issue is that the place ain't too safe, and they'd be better off hauling ass somewhere else. I mean, considering the alternative, even living in Pigsty seems like a better choice. But hey, it's their tradition, and you gotta roll with it. Not my problem; they're the ones likely biting the dust.

## CLASSYFRIEDS

Lice Hunter Wanted: 'Cause I'm so damn fat, I can't even see down there. Cash for every critter you nab.

REF: Fat Bastard

I'll Stitch a Cuttlefish to Your Face: So you can pass as a mutard.

REF: Cosme's Disguises

Expanding Company Needs Vertigo Specialists: We're building a tower taller than the damn cloud sea. Constant need, don't expect to last long. Interested? Head to Tower-Bruno settlement.

REF: Rocco Walter



## MONTHLY NEWS

Outta the blue, the dreaded Judges, Scrapbridge's no-nonsense law enforcers, have thrown a wild card and gone on strike. According to their spokesperson, they're protesting dismal working conditions, demanding upgrades to their raggedy uniforms, and weapons that don't fall apart like a shoddy knockoff. They're also pushing for a day off each week, citing stress, the need for rest, and who knows what other nonsense.

Derek "I'm-gonna-kick-your-ass" Cho, their mouthguy, declared, "We can't keep enforcing the law without the proper gear! Our uniforms are a hot mess, and our weapons couldn't cut through a kid's skin! We want a safer Scrapbridge for everyone, but mostly for us, for fuck's sake!"

Now, the city's already a friggin' madhouse on a good day, and the absence of Judges hasn't exactly made things better. Sure, violence and crimes are more blatant than ever, but hey, at least you can stroll around without a Judge beating you senseless for something you didn't do or hitting you up for protection money.

The Scrapbridge Council is currently in talks with the Judges to find a solution that brings law and order back to Scrapbridge (I'm laughing just typing that), but trying to keep the cost inside what's in the budget. After all, they've got all their own vices to feed.